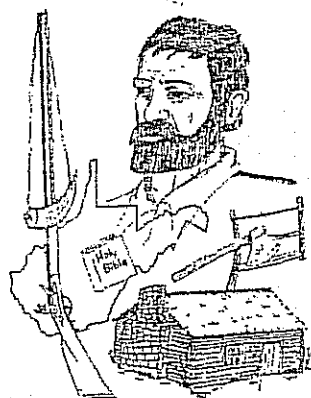


HACKER'S CREEK JOURNAL



Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants
A Historical & Genealogical Society
of Central West Virginia
Volume XXV, Issue 2, 2006-2007

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From the DESK

Of the DIRECTOR



It is hard to believe that spring is just around the corner. I will be glad to see the extremely cold weather we have been experiencing here in Central West Virginia depart for warmer, more sunny days. We have had colder temperatures in February than we have had in the past ten years according to the weather folks. We look forward to spring when we know many of you will be visiting our library, some for the first time. If we can help in planning a trip to the library, please let us know.

We are excited to be the recipients of several outstanding collections in the past few months. We have been selected by Clan Donald USA as a repository for some of their extensive Scots Irish Collection. These books have been catalogued and are currently on our shelves. We have also received the Robert B. **SMITH** Collection and the Hartzel **STRADER** Collection. Both of these gentlemen were instrumental in the establishment and growth of our organization and were also highly regarded genealogists.

Another collection we have received is the Maxine **SANTMEYER** Collection. She was a genealogist from Elkins, WV. Also a great deal of information has been donated to us by the Stalnaker Family Association. We hope to have an article in the next Journal detailing these wonderful collections.

These collections are currently being catalogued and prepared for accession. We hope to have that completed by early summer. Right now we are working on completion of the Central WV Veterans book and hope to have it to the publisher soon.

If we can be of assistance to you in any way, please do not hesitate to contact us at hcpd@hackerscreek.com or phone at 304-269-7091.

On a less happy note, we were saddened by the deaths of three of our members within the past month: Barbara Gum **ROMITO**, Rosie Forinash **SHEETS**, and Elizabeth **REEL**. As all of our members do, these ladies held a special place in our hearts. They will be remembered along with others in a special necrology service during our annual gathering. The necrology service will be Friday, August 10, at 6 p.m. at the Broad Street United Methodist Church.

Betty Ann



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Through January 31, 2007

Code	Title	Donor
KK-259	Hermit of Crab Island	J. J. JOHNSON
KK-260	Plimoth Plantation	Raymond WOLFE
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KK-264	King Philips War	Raymond WOLFE
KK-265	Who Is Stepping On Plymouth Rock	Raymond WOLFE
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CH-127	Theological Transition of Methodism in America	J. J. JOHNSON
CH-128	History of Israel	J. J. JOHNSON
CH-129	That Old Time Religion	J. J. JOHNSON
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MI-148	Victory at Bear Cove	J. J. JOHNSON
MI-149	Chickens, Cookies and Cozzin George	J. J. JOHNSON
ML-382	Retreat From Gettysburg	Robert SMITH
ML-383	The Civil War	
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RR-136	Francis Asbury The Profet of the Road	J. J. JOHNSON
RR-143	Lewis County 1850 Census	J. J. JOHNSON
RR-150	Allegheny County PA Genealogical And Biographical	Ruth HALL
CH-130	West Virginia Wesleyan College	
CH-131	Orlando Chrge Directory 1994	
CS-37F	Gilmer County Cemeteries (Center Dis)	Mary & Doris RADABAUGH
CS-83C	Shenandoah Co. VA 1850Census	Elizabeth DAVIS
CS-83C	Shenandoah Co. VA 1810-1840 Census	Elizabeth DAVIS
DE-6B	Wood County Deaths	Wes COCHRAN
JO-275D	Ritchie County History Society	
MI-150	Fibber Lygood	Carl SYPOLT
WV-185B	The Hospital	Sean MCCRACKEN
WV-327	West Virginia Encyclopedia	Joy STALNAKER
FA-957	Virgiia Genealogies	Bob HARRIS
FA-958	William Taylor & Mahala Cromwell	Ronald DUKES
FA-959	Matthew James and Descendants	Janet MARKLEY
FA-960A	West Family Volume I	Joyce CHAMBERS
FA-960B	West Family Volume II	Joyce CHAMBERS
FA-960C	West Family Volume III	Joyce CHAMBERS
FA-488C	HCPDGathering 2006 Pictures	
FA-961	Paulser Butcher Descendants	Betty NICHOLSON

FA-962	Robert & Elizabeth (Right) Williams	Glenna WILLIAMS & Charlotte CATHELL
FA-963	Carpenter Family Genealogy	May WHITE
FA-964	Digman Family of West Virginia	Elizebeth DAVIS
FA-965	Shifflett Info	
FA-966	Sturm Family of Barbour County	Henry STURM
FA-967	Suttle-Radcliff/Ratcliff	May WHITE
FA-968	John Minear Descendants 1732-1781	May WHITE
FA-245B	Francis Family Addendum	Larry FRANCIS
FA-900	Rexroad In America	William REXROAD
FA-244C	Whetzel Family	
FA-920B	John Arbogast Jr.	Carolynne SIMMONS
FA-969	George & Susanna (Ruthridge) Harris	Hartzel STRADER
FA-970	Moffett Family	May WHITE
FA-971	Barker-Smith-Barnes-Allen-Betts-Bolt-Cottrill-Pehrson	
FA-972	Carpenter Family	May WHITE
FA-973	Harris-Peterson-Roach-Stalnaker	Hartzel STRADER
FA-974	Kight-Langford	May WHITE
FA-975	Aman-Shearer-Stark-Gissy	
FA-976	George Mollohan	May WHITE
FA-977	Maybury Family	
SC-40	St. Patrick High School/St. Patrick Church	
CH-106A	WV Methodist Conference 2002 Conf	
CH-106B	WV Methodist Conference, 2003 Conf	
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CH-106D	WV Methodist Conference 2005 Conf	
CH-106E	WV Methodist Conference 2006 Conf	
CH-132	Saved by Sago	McClain Printing
US-279	These United States	
BR-17D	Jackson Co Births 1853-1949, M-O	Nettie GREGORY
MA-38B	Jackson Co Marriage (Replaced the one on Shelf)	Nettie GREGORY
MA-4E	Harrison Co Marr 1912-1920	Wes COCHRAN
FA-978	Butcher/Thomason Families	May WHITE
FA-979	Thomas Cheney	May WHITE
FA-980	Hunt/Tenny/Koon/Harrison Families	May WHITE
FA-981	Gardners of Virginia	May WHITE

FA-982	Harper/Day/Taylor/Bowers Families	May WHITE
FA-983	Duncan Family	May WHITE
FA-984	Lantz Family	May WHITE
FA-51B	Stalnaker Family (Various Authors)	
FA-985	McHenry/Dennison/Riffle/Wright	Alberta DENNISON
FA-986	Timmons and Tanners	Eva NEWLON
ML-384	Faces of the Civil War	
LO-9	Lewis County History (Replacement)	Barbara PALMER
MA-31C	Braxton Co Marriages 1933-1967	Nettie GREGORY
MA-31B	Braxton Co Marriages 1836-1932	
FA-987A	Smith & Allied Families of Lewis & Harrison Co	Sharon KENAN
FA-987B	Smith & Allied Families of Lewis & Harrison Co	Sharon KENAN
FA-987C	Smith & Allied Families of Lewis & Harrison Co	Sharon KENAN
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SI-2	Strangers Within the Realm	Clan Donald Collection
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SI-11	Townlands in Ulster	Clan Donald Collection
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SI-12B	Parishes of County Atrim	Clan Donald Collection
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SI-12E	Parishes of County Atrim	Clan Donald Collection
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LEWIS COUNTY CONNECTIONS

And a World War II Love Story

The Conclusion

By Diane Hill ZIMMERMAN

Note: Continued from Volume XXV, Issue 1.

One night after we'd gone to bed we heard a car pull into the parking lot. It didn't leave until the next morning. Some people thought it might have been Bonnie and Clyde, who were on the run at that time. We had people stop wanting gas several times after we'd closed but Harold wouldn't serve them unless he knew them. We were never robbed. I think it was because the people knew Harold kept a gun by the cash register and would use it.

DIANE: I spent part of every summer with Aunt Lois and Uncle Harold until I graduated from high school. These trips were anticipated just as much as Christmas and were just as rewarding. Their home was a real refuge as I was growing up. Their love for each other was apparent and became a model for the marriage I hoped to have. He was constantly buying her pretty things she'd never buy for herself. She was especially delighted when he presented her with a copy of "Sonnets to the Portuguese" because she loved the Browning's poems. And she treated him like the Lord of the manor that he was.

Aunt Lois taught me to value everyday things like keeping house and enjoying a sunset. She believed I was mature enough to read any book in the house. I'll never forget the day she came to me with "Gone With the Wind" in her hands and said, "You're old enough to read this now. I know you'll enjoy it." I was and I did. After that I read "Forever Amber", a very racy book for the time. Unfortunately, she didn't have a copy of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" but their library was extensive enough to keep me occupied.

Because she took pleasure in a clean home and laden table, it was a pleasure to help her. I actually volunteered to cook and wash dishes – jobs I've always detested. She let me heat up soup for lunch and make sandwiches. I especially loved helping Aunt Lois hang out the clothes. She always put like things and like colors together with underwear discreetly in the middle. It was like watching a painting develop. She did this whether it was a pretty day or freezing cold. Her vegetable garden was another work of art, the rows straight and tidy and the whole thing bordered by flowers.

I never heard her complain about the work, and she worked extremely hard. There were many outdoor chores in addition to housework. In all sorts of weather, she carried food and water to dogs, rabbits and chickens and feed and hay to sheep and one or more horses. Her house was always immaculate

and the clothes and linens and curtains freshly ironed. She kept to a schedule of washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, housecleaning on Wednesday, plant care and miscellaneous on Thursday and everything else on Friday and Saturday. Sunday was a day of rest from everything except cooking, cleaning up the kitchen and feeding the animals. I never knew her not do complete an extensive spring and fall housecleaning where everything was scrubbed, washed, polished, sorted out and ironed. She accomplished all this with such cheerful ease that I thought it must be fun.

Aunt Lois was like a heroine out of a frontier movie, and just as pretty. Besides teaching me the to take pride in the homemaking arts she taught me to be strong; to be a good neighbor; to be honest and go the 'second mile', to stand by my man and be wary of but not afraid of snakes.

For relaxation she crocheted, embroidered, quilted and read. She sang as she worked and liked to have me harmonize with her. I was a sad replacement for my mother.

For some reason, I still remember a commercial that was frequently on the radio. Maybe it's because I sang it so much. It goes:

Oh, you're in luck when you've got a McCulloch Chain Saw

You've got power by the hour in your hands.

With McCulloch you're the master

'cause it keeps on sawing faster.

Oh, you're in luck when you've got a McCulloch Chain Saw.

I never heard her say she was lonely though her social life was practically non-existent. She told me that people who liked to read were never bored. Trips to any sort of town were very rare. Uncle Harold usually went alone because one of them had to stay at the store and she didn't drive. They didn't go to church because she never got over feeling she wasn't worthy because they sold beer.

She did have lots of company. Both their families and extended families visited as often as they could and usually stayed one or more nights. They also had several friends who came once or twice a year. It was fairly common to have people sleeping in every bed in all four bedrooms and on the floor. Every meal she served was 'full course' and beer and packed lunches were always provided, free of charge of course. Her favorite visitors were her parents, whom she dearly loved.

In addition, Harold's mother, Dora Bond **ARBOGAST**, would spend part of each year with them. She had been my babysitter when Mom worked at the Carnation. She sewed beautifully and always seemed to have some kind of piecework in her hands.

The only thing Aunt Lois seems to have regretted was never bearing a child. This was what she truly longed for but it was never to be. Of course she blamed herself, but after Uncle Harold died one of his relatives told her that he

had some childhood disease that left him sterile. He must have known or at least suspected this but never told her or accepted responsibility. He was just too 'macho.' They did think about adoption but I'm not sure they tried very hard. Again it was selling beer that kept them from pursuing a worthy desire. Back then, people who sold beer weren't considered good parent material. They were wrong though. Uncle Harold and Aunt Lois were wonderful foster parents to Janet and me.

She was in the habit of clipping out articles and poems and saving them where she'd run across them again. Here are two poems she saved reflecting how her feelings for her Mom and Dad.

FATHER

A. Kulik

He didn't seek the highest peak
Nor tramp the farthest snows;
He sought no fame, no lustrous name,
No crown the world bestows.
And so he found no gloried ground
Where fame and fortune run,
And when he passed he left no vast
Endowment to his son.

Unless you learned his heart had burned
Away the highest wall,
So love could claim the finest flame,
The richest prize of all.
Unless you knew his smile could glow,
His eyes could understand,
His lips could sing, his tales could wing
To find the fairest land.
For these he left to those bereft
Of all his sunny ways;
And though they wept, I know they kept
His fortune all their days.

MOTHER'S CROWN

Isabelle Bryant Longfellow

This I shall teach them well, she said:
To walk alone and without dread,
To go beyond the need of me.
Today she knows her victory -

And how a crown can doubly press
Laurel and rue on loneliness.

Uncle Harold was stronger, handsomer and smarter than any super hero of the day. He was too old and poorly educated to be a pilot in the Army Air Corps (they made him cook, which he hated) so he used the GI Bill to take lessons afterwards. He needed to have so many hours with a passenger so he took me up in a Piper Cub airplane. I enjoyed this until he took me to the site of two nearby plane crashes. I don't think I went up with him again.

With tenderness and patience he taught me to shoot and fish. I would continually tangle the fishing line and call him to fix it for me. I don't know why he put up with it. He'd take Aunt Lois and me to the drive-in to see movies like "Alice in Wonderland" and seemed to enjoy them. For years afterwards most days were un-birthdays.¹

Uncle Harold was respected as a marksman by all who knew him and could load and hit a target faster than most men could simply load. He was an outdoorsman who kept them well supplied with wild game. He tied his own flies, molded his own bullets, made his own turkey-calls and guided hunting and fishing parties. Their home was decorated with the mounted heads of deer and they both had jackets, moccasins and gloves made from deer hide. I don't recall Aunt Lois ever going hunting with him but she did like to fish and spent many happy hours wetting a line in the mountain streams or the surf at Nags Head, North Carolina, or Florida.

They trusted me to take care of Fancy, their horse, and to carry a .22 into the woods on my own. When I had a daughter of my own I wondered how they could bear to let me go up on the mountain for hours with nothing but a horse, a gun and a saddlebag full of lunch. Aunt Lois looked at me thoughtfully, and said, "Well, we trusted the horse. "

Fancy was a very special horse. She was a large pinto mare who was part Eagle Denmark. She had given birth to twin foals and raised them both. This is very unusual as twin foals usually die. Uncle Harold had trained her to stand still while he was riding and shoot game from her back. This is very hard for horses. Their instinct is to run at any loud noise, especially from such close quarters.

She was fed every evening and would wait at the gate. On one occasion when Aunt Lois' was feeding the critters, she noticed the sheep hadn't come up from the pasture. She explained to Fancy that she couldn't give feed to her until the sheep were fed because she would eat the sheep feed in addition to

¹The White Rabbit had a tea party everyday,
which was called an un-birthday party.

her own. Fancy "high tailed" it down to the pasture and returned a few minutes later, herding the sheep in front of her. She wasn't such a dumb animal.

I found two poems that Aunt Lois cut from a magazine and placed next to a favorite picture of Uncle Harold. They illustrate very well her feelings for him.

COCKLEBUR

Anne G. Sekhon

My thistle bud, my cocklebur,
Why did I love and love again
Your angry eye, your fearful mouth
More than those of other men?

My windy day, my hurricane,
My drought, my flood and my disaster?
Why did I love you, as I love
Desert poppy and mountain aster?
And, frown me not, I love you better
Than other milder, tamer men.
Petals will rot and valleys founder
But cockleburs spring up again.

Answered

Archibald Rutledge

From gladness and safety
You turned at my cry,
And you sped like a dove
Through the darkening sky.
The night could not stay you,
Or danger delay you,
Whose fear bourne was I.
Oh, greater than glory
And nobler than fame,
The thought that you heard me,
And loved me, and came!

JANET REMEMBERS - AUNT BABE

JANET: The mountains where Aunt Lois lived were enchanted. To me it was like someone had waved a magic wand and created paradise. There was a saw mill across the road with a huge pile of saw dust and a friend next door that would slide down it with me and catch crawdad's in the creek, explore the mountains and ride Fancy. His name was Ocie **WAYBRIGHT**. We had such

great times together. Diane was older and would rather read so Ocie was my partner in mischief in the mountains. Aunt Lois and Uncle Harold tried to keep us away from the sawdust piles. They said it was full of snakes. I'm sure now they were right, but as kids we had no fear. We'd tunnel in the sawdust or climb to the top and roll down. It smelled so good! Today I can't even imagine what we looked like after playing in that stuff. Maybe the reason they didn't want us to play there was to keep the sawdust at the sawmill.

There was the most wonderful river below the store. You could always hear it. It was shallow except for a few deep holes and there were so many crawdads that even Ocie and I couldn't catch them all. The water was cold and the rocks were slick and we had a great time.

Uncle Harold took us swimming upstream at a place called "Beaver Dam." He loved to tease us and was very good at it. Anything he said was gospel to us. At the swimming hole he told us that the Dragonflies were Snake Doctors and they were only around if there were snakes there too. He was pretty smart because we avoided the grassy parts where the dragonflies were (water snakes scared us more than sawdust snakes.) But that was another term I carried over to adulthood, "Snake Doctors".

Aunt Lois started me in the first grade at Franklin. We stayed with her several months that time. I don't remember being afraid to go to school because she was so positive about it. Of course, it was the same school Diane went to and we rode the same bus, so maybe that had something to do with it. I knew she'd take good care of me. She was a big, know-it-all FIFTH grader.

I was pretty little when I noticed I was the only one to call her Aunt Babe. Everyone else called her Lois. I asked her what her name was and what I should call her. She said I could call her anything I liked so I listened closely. The first person who spoke to her was Mom and she called her Babe, so my decision was made, no more worries. She was Aunt Babe from then on.

Their house was on top of the store. There was always something entertaining going on with so many people stopping, getting gas or groceries and chatting awhile. Aunt Lois would fix sandwiches for them or sell them whatever they wanted. There were rows and rows of candy bars, freezers full of ice cream and coolers full of pop. It made our eyes bug out but Uncle Harold only allowed us one candy bar and one bottle of pop a day. It took me an hour to decide which one.

The basement was really a fun place. It had windows and an outside door so was dry and well lighted. Once Ocie and I moved all Uncle Harold's cases of pop and beer around to make our own store. We opened up cases of chips and other goodies (not candy, even we knew better than that) to sell at our store. Uncle Harold was furious at us. He couldn't tell which case was the oldest or where anything was. We were REAL careful not to get him mad again.

The top floor of the house had two bedrooms with an open landing at the top of the stairs big enough that two cots could be placed under the windows. I

loved to sleep there so I could hear the river. Mom tried to get me to take off my boots when I went to bed but I was convinced that cowboys slept with their boots on. I wanted to be ready to get Fancy early in the morning.

Not that this was easy. She was hard to catch. She liked her retirement just the way it was. No kids. Some days I'd chase her for what seemed like hours before I could get her halter on. Diane never seemed to have any problems though so I liked for her to catch her. Fancy knew some circus tricks but performed only for Uncle Harold. Her only trick for us was to get back to the basement door ASAP. I'd get her saddled and ride up the road beating her flanks every step of the way to Harper's mailbox and then let her fly back to the basement door. What a ride! She ran so fast. It was great!

The Harper's were fun to visit. Their home was different than Aunt Lois's, not quite so modern. They were real mountain folk. They had a cow and always had fresh milk - well maybe not so much after I left. They had a cellar house where a stream ran through to keep things cold. Milk from there was extra good. Mrs. Harper would tell us stories of the snakes she met (and killed) in the cellar house and elsewhere.

Once Uncle Harold took me squirrel hunting. He shot a squirrel and I ran over to give it some sympathy and it bit my finger. I slung it so far Harold never found it. That was it for my hunting career. We never knew what Uncle Harold would bring home. Once it was a litter of baby skunks. I don't think Aunt Lois thought it was as great as we kids did.

He even carried home a baby bear. That was about as fantastic as anything could be. Their living room was paneled in real knotty pine and it just seemed like a place to have a bear. The bear loved ice cream but would get mad when you stopped feeding him. So we stopped giving him any because there was never enough for us to. We loved playing with him but if you opened a window shade and let in the light he'd get mean. Once we had him in the car and Uncle Harold told me to keep him down so he didn't see the light. Well, if a bear wants up on the seat with you, I guarantee he gets the seat. So Uncle Harold stopped and put him in the trunk. Uncle Harold found him when he was out hunting. Someone had shot the momma bear leaving two cubs. Another man took the second cub.

I can't ever remember Aunt Lois getting angry with me and it would have been very easy to find a reason too. Whenever she wanted me to get something for her from the basement she would say "please and thank you." At school we were learning about manners and I told her she wasn't supposed to thank me until I had gotten what she wanted. She replied ever so gently "Janet, I know you'll do it for me". And with that, how could I ever refuse.

THE LATER YEARS

DIANE: They had various people working for them from time to time. Their neighbors and brothers, Randolph and Olin WAYBRIGHT, and a fellow named

Kenny worked for several years. Uncle Golden worked for a while but mostly it was just Aunt Lois and Uncle Harold minding the store.

Fancy died at home of old age and they buried her in her pasture. They acquired other horses; a short legged, sorrel, half pony named Dandy, an Appaloosa named Chief, a Quarter Horse named Little Red and a Palomino colt named Silver. He trained them all so they behaved beautifully. As Interstate highways were completed, the store stopped making enough money for a living so he began driving very long distances to work on construction.

In the late 1960s they began planning to build another house on Brushy Mountain, just across the road, where the sawmill had been. This land was also purchased from the **HARPERS**. They found plans for a beautiful three-bedroom home but changed it to two bedrooms so the master suite would be larger. They paneled the dining and living room in cherry wood and bought new cherry furniture.

Aunt Lois had a dishwasher for the first time and Uncle Harold had a double car garage with a breezeway connecting it with the house. They fenced the yard with a rail fence painted white and planted a rose and vegetable garden and flower beds. They even had a fishpond dug and Uncle Harold stocked it with the golden trout he caught.

They had a magnificent view, overlooking the store and the surrounding mountains. They should have been set for an enjoyable retirement but they had talked about moving to Florida for years. The store wasn't making money and each winter seemed worse than the last one.

They bought a lovely home in Ft. Pierce, Florida and moved in 1974, taking their favorite horse, Silver, and Rusty, an Irish Setter, with them. They also bought an acre lot and drilled a well, especially for Silver. They sold their new house and the store in May 1974.

Uncle Harold bought a 1971 model fishing boat and received his Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling certification. He named the boat the Lois Anne, after Aunt Lois. She never liked her middle name and adopted 'Anne' to replace it.

Uncle Harold fished the Atlantic, taking Rusty with him after he trained her to empty her bladder beforehand. He sold his catch to the Treasure Coast Fisheries Co-Operative, where he was a member, but rarely caught enough to cover expenses. One day the gasoline powered boat exploded. He threw Rusty and then himself into the ocean, where they treaded water and watched the boat burn to the water line. They suffered only minor injuries and were soon rescued by a nearby fishing boat. There was no insurance to cover the loss.

He never seemed to recover, mentally. He had trouble finding a full time job. He worked some on construction at a power plant. His driving became erratic and his memory faulty. The month before he died he got a traffic ticket. A doctor told him if he didn't stop drinking, he would become increasingly debilitated and not have long to live. He knew he couldn't stop so, on

December 17, 1978, he took his own life, dying as he had lived. He may have been planning this for a while as there was a handwritten will in his effects, written two years before. He willed everything to Aunt Lois. He had already insured Silver's well being by giving him to me.

Aunt Lois was devastated. He had threatened suicide but how could she be prepared for him to shoot himself through the mouth in his den while she was preparing him a good dinner. She had never ceased loving him and trying to make his life better. Knowing her best efforts failed was as devastating as his suicide. She was torn by feelings that she could have done more and anger that he had left her in such a manner. She never fully recovered but made a valiant effort.

She realized she needed to make more money so she enrolled in the nursing program at Indian River Community College and successfully completed her degree on April 18, 1979. She began working as a nursing assistant at Lawnwood Medical Center. She also took driving lessons and learned to drive their Dodge Ram Charger; learned to handle her finances; made arrangements for a private sale to dispose of his extensive gun collection and the Cadillac. She made a life for herself and had many friends but eventually got too homesick and moved back to West Virginia.

EULOGY FOR UNCLE HAROLD

Uncle Harold died, by his own hand, a few days before Christmas on December 22, 1979, at his adopted home in Fort Myers, Florida. He had been increasingly despondent over his failing health caused by alcoholism, in one of the few battles he lost in his seventy-eight years.

He drank himself senseless, then while his wife of fifty-two years was preparing his dinner, took one of his extensive collection of guns, laid his head on a pillow on the floor (to cut down on the mess) and shot himself through the mouth.

He had grown up in the hills of West Virginia, nurtured on the unwritten code of the hills that incorporated love of family and country, loyalty to same, and self-reliance. He served honorably in the Army Air Force during WW II and then moved his wife away from their families into the mountains of Pendleton County, West Virginia, where, largely by himself, he built a small grocery store and home. The store's best sellers were beer and tall tales. He guarded it with a pistol in a holster near the cash register but his reputation was such that he never needed to use it.

He loved and protected his wife with the same intensity so that, when he died, she couldn't drive or make a decision alone. He spent as much time as possible hunting with gun or bow and arrow, and fishing, sports his wife also enjoyed and never resented. He loved to buy her gifts and they revealed his sensitivity and taste.

He seemed to excel at everything he did; whether in training dogs and horses, piloting small aircraft, or as uncle to a small niece who adored him. She remembers him as a hero who took her fishing and flying, provided all sorts of interesting pets and the freedom to roam in the mountains on horseback during the only vacations she ever knew.

His main regret in life, other than alcoholism, was in never fathering a child. He delighted in sharing his home with friends and family, especially his wife's parents whom he had alienated by coercing their daughter, age sixteen, to run away and marry him. They came to love him as they loved their own sons.

He is buried in a tiny country cemetery near his birthplace in a spot reserved for many years. His in-laws are buried nearby in the plot he provided for them. His niece travels many miles each Memorial Day to place flowers on his grave but remembers him in her heart at all times.

BACK TO THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

Aunt Lois' brother, Lowell, still lived in the Clarksburg area and he found her a nice little house on South Chestnut Street. He and some cousins went to Florida to help her move in 1980.

After she settled in with the family dogs, Rusty and Bonnie, she wanted to go back to work. She worked at a Laundromat before she was hired by the nearby Veterans Hospital as a nurses aide. However, the school in Florida had lost her GED records so she had to take the test again, but she passed with colors flying.

She was a hard worker and earned a superior rating each year as well as cash performance awards before she retired in 1985. Afterward she occupied herself with growing a small garden, which she spaded up herself, tending flowers in and out of the house and taking care of the dogs and helping her neighbors. She was especially close to her next door neighbor, Mrs. Hazel KENDELL, who called every day to make sure she was okay.

She'd rarely been to a doctor, but now developed some health problems. In October of 1998 she suffered a stroke and laid by her bed until the next morning when Mrs. KENDELL made her usual phone call. When the phone wasn't answered, she came over and found her.

I moved her to a nursing home near our home in Westerville, Ohio, where she lived for four more years, pretty much in a world of her own creation. She reported on visits from Uncle Harold, her parents and my mother, all of whom had died many years before. She couldn't understand why she was still here and hoped to be released soon. She died on November 11, 2002. Many times during my visits she would be singing this hymn:

That Glad Reunion Day
There will be a happy meeting in heaven, I know,
When we see the many loved ones we've known here below,

Gather on the blessed hilltops with hearts all aglow,
 That will be a glad reunion day.
 That will be a happy day, yes, a wonderful day,
 That will be a happy day, yes, a glorious day;
 There with all the holy angels and loved ones to stay,
 That will be a glad reunion day.

We enjoyed many family reunions over the years but nothing, I'm sure, compared to the reunion she was referring to. Her body now lies next to Uncle Harold in the little cemetery on the hill in Brown where most of her family and those "Once her neighbors, Neighbors once again are buried."²



A MEMORIAL ELIZABETH ANN REEL

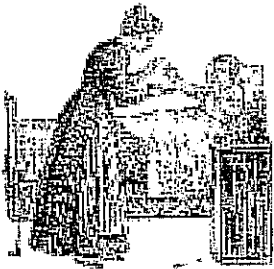
HCPD Thursday afternoon volunteer Elizabeth Ann **REEL** passed away February 26, 2007, at Ruby Memorial Hospital, Morgantown, WV. She was born March 16, 1933, in Washington, D.C., the daughter of Arten Burton **DYE** and Bessie V. **WHIPP DYE**. Elizabeth is survived by her husband of 51 years, Robert L. **REEL**, whom she married August 14, 1955, in Jane Lew. She is also survived by eight children: Mary Ann **FLESHER** (Steve) of Avon Lake, OH; Sharon **HELMICK** (Dale) of Berlin; Carol **SPROUSE** (Leon) of Jane Lew; John (Marie **BISHOP**) of Weston; Donald (Sheila) of Lightburn; Jim (Andrea) of Newberry, SC; and David (Cindy) of Weston. Also 20 grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; one sister, Helen **KICHELOE**, VA; one brother, James **DYE**.

Besides the many hours Elizabeth gave to HCPD, she was active in the Gee Lick CEOS and the Stonewall Jackson Photography Club.

Services were held Thursday, March 1, at Morris Funeral Home, Jane Lew. She was interred at Broad Run Cemetery.

²From a poem by unknown author.

HOME REMEDIES



*Editor's Note: A few months ago my granddaughter was completing one of her courses in pharmacology and needed to interview someone knowledgeable about "old fashioned home remedies." She thought I was an appropriate person for the interview. I, in turn, asked our HCPD-L members for their memories of home remedies and received lots of replies back. Since most of the replies came to me personally and I found them so interesting, I thought I would share some of them with you. This issue's teller of home remedies is Carlisle **BOWLING** of Flagler Beach, Florida. While I didn't meet Carlisle until he joined HCPD, his wife Elaine and I went to high school together in an "awhile ago" time. His story:*

When I was a teenager, we were at my Great Aunt Sarah Correll **GRAHAM'S** home in Allegheny Springs, Virginia on a Sunday (this is also where Elaine and I spent part of our honeymoon in 1965). The house is a log home with Civil War Bullet holes in the logs and was built in the 1840s and "modernized" in 1895, the year after she and Great Uncle Benjamin **GRAHAM** were married. The house still stands and is on the National Historical Register.

The only water to the house (no water in the little two hole house at the end of the path) was a garden hose from a spring up on the mountain behind the house. Roots had grown through the garden hose and my father had gone to cut out the bad portion and splice in a good section. In the process I received a terribly deep knuckle and hand cut from my father's very sharp pocket knife. It was big and deep enough I probably could have used six or more stitches. A few minutes later Aunt Sarah's big Heintz 57 variety dog was bitten in the mouth by a copperhead.

We headed back to the house to go get treatment. Aunt Sarah would hear nothing of our going anywhere to get assistance saying she had been doin' the "doctorin in the holler for the last over 60 years" and she would take care of both me and Jack the Dog. Me first--never will forget---first she pulled a small bottle of Spirits of Turpentine out and tore off the bottom round of her petticoat--She pulled the cut wide open and poured the turpentine mixture in the cut---thought I would die---then she

took a little round brass can called "Man and Beast Salve 1924"--she filled this black salve into the cut and wrapped the cut and hand with the petticoat. Dad whispered we would see our doctor in the morning.

Next it was Jack's turn, who's head by now was almost three times as big as it should have been. We wanted to take him to a vet because they lived alone and Jack was their only companion. "Naw, Ole Jack will be ok--I'll fix him up" She got Jack by the collar and out came THE SAME bottle of SPIRITS of TURPENTINE. She placed the end over the fang holes in Jack's lip and held it up and honest to God you could see the poison rise into the top of the Turpentine bottle--then she went to the kitchen and took clabbered milk and added some left over biscuits and bacon grease and added from her special herb supply which she had grown herself, what she called "Skunk Weed", and a little liquid from a bottle called "Skunk Oil"--all of which she brought to a Boil while all of us went for a walk AWAY from the house--It was the most horrible smell you could ever imagine (if anyone has ever been VERY CLOSE to a just expelled Skunk--you know well the smell).---She let that cool and then took it out to Jack who was beginning to look some better from the turpentine treatment--she put this mixture in front of the dog who wanted to run for the hills but could not escape because she had chained him. She took Jack's nose and stuck it into the mixture and it was either eat it or drown and she made him eat it all----

The end of the stories--by the time we were ready to go back to West Virginia, Jack's head was back to normal and he was fine. The next morning before Dad took me to the doctor he unwound the petticoat and the cut, believe it or not, was mostly healed and no doctor trip or stitches were needed---In fact I do not even have a scar.

I sure wish Great Aunt Sarah had written down all her remedies---and the stories of the people she healed--but those are gone forever when she died in 1967 at 90 (married 73 years and he lived two more years and died at 97.) I do know she had a BADLY BURNED daughter that no one thought would ever live but Aunt Sarah had pulled her out of the fireplace where her older sister had rocked her accidentally. Brenda never had hair but went on to get her college degree and teach for several years before she died in her late 30's. Aunt Sarah nursed her and healed her--an amazing story.

DNA – A New Tool for Genealogists

by Jim BARTLETT

Genealogy has a new tool – DNA testing. My grandmother got me started in genealogy in the 1970s. Then the genealogist's tools were typewriters for letters, the car to visit courthouses, cemeteries, and archives, microfilm readers, and maybe a tape recorder. With Personal Computers, we got a great new tool that allowed us to save and edit our typing. With genealogy software, we were able to share much more easily. With the internet we greatly increased our venues for research. But, for the most part, we are still working with the same records. And many records have been lost; many have errors; and many, many facts just weren't recorded.

About ten years ago, or so, DNA testing for genealogy was born. This is a completely new tool that tells the truth; even though the records are lost, wrong, or non-existent. Simply put DNA testing is based on two facts: (1) you inherit your DNA from your ancestors; and (2) the DNA basically doesn't change over many generations. So if two people have the same DNA, they must be related; if they have different DNA, they can't be related. It's that simple! And, when you think about it, this is very powerful knowledge.

You can stop reading at the end of this paragraph. Get a DNA test, compare your result with someone else, and find out if you descend from the same ancestor. Or look on the Internet (there are several places) for others with the same DNA test result, and find new cousins...

But many of you want to know more details about how this new DNA tool works. Well, as with many other scientific matters, the more you dig into it, the more complex and bewildering (at least to me) it gets. This field includes biology, genetics, anthropology, statistics, etc. – so read on... I'll try to provide several levels of detail – feel free to stop when you've had enough.

Genealogy DNA 101 – The easy version

DNA is passed from parents to children. We have virtually the same DNA our ancestors from several hundred years ago had. As we go back in time, some change occurs; and the farther back we go the more change. Or more appropriately, look at it from the other direction – someone, say 10 generations ago, passed their DNA down to their descendants, virtually unchanged, to descendants who are living today. Our male ancestors passed their Y-chromosome DNA (Y-DNA) down to their sons and on down the male line; and female ancestors passed down their mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA) to their children, and on down the female line. So if two living men have the same Y-DNA test results, they probably have a common male ancestor (within the

last few hundred years); and if their results differ in several areas, they probably don't share a common ancestor (at least in the time frame most genealogists work). And similarly if two living women have the same mtDNA, they probably have a common female ancestor.

Some observations so far:

1. We don't have to get DNA from deceased ancestors to use the DNA tool. We don't exhume bodies. We get the DNA from living men and women. The DNA samples are taken by rubbing a plastic "stick" on the inside of your cheek, and mailing it to the lab – no pain, no blood.
2. Along with their Y-DNA, men pass their surnames to their sons. Thus the Y-DNA and the surname follow the same path. This makes it much easier to follow and to compare. That is why there are so many Surname Projects using Y-DNA testing – all the participants have the same surname, and it's much easier to find matches (and mis-matches).
3. Although the mtDNA passes straight down the female lines, all the women down that line typically have different surnames. This makes it very difficult to create data bases and to track. So, generally, the mtDNA testing is done to learn about deep ancestry – where did the female ancestors live thousands of years ago (i.e. could they have been an American Indian?) – but without finding cousins; or to resolve a specific question (i.e. is a particular living female related to another particular living female – say when the genealogist believes they may descend, on female only lines, from a common female ancestor.)

Genealogy DNA 102 – A little harder version

Human DNA has 46 chromosomes. Only men have the "Y" chromosome in their DNA, and this Y-DNA is passed only from father to son. Scientists have identified certain parts of the Y chromosome which remain virtually unchanged for many generations, and are therefore useful for genealogy purposes (see "DNA Markers" in Genealogy DNA 103 below). Your male ancestor in the 1700s passed the Y chromosome DNA down to all his male descendants. His living male descendants today would have virtually the same DNA as that ancestor. Thus the DNA test results of two living male descendants (of the same ancestor living in the 1700s) would be the same, or very close. Alternatively, if two living male descendants have the same, or close, Y-DNA test results, then they certainly have a common ancestor; and if they don't have close Y-DNA test results, then they don't have a "recent" common ancestor.

More observations:

4. If the DNA of a descendant from one known family line "matches" the DNA results from a different family line with the same surname, we know these lines link together and we can focus our research on finding the common ancestor. Or, if the DNA results do not match closely, we don't need to keep looking for a

common ancestor between those two lines – we need to look elsewhere for the next oldest ancestor. The information is valuable in either case.

5. Within a particular Surname Project, the men who have matching Y-DNA are grouped together, usually in the same family line; and other men with different Y-DNA are grouped into different family lines. For example, in our BARTLETT-DNA Project we've determined 12 different BARTLETT lines, all in Colonial America. Based on the DNA results, these lines do not relate to each other for over 1,000 years. Once several family lines are established, any living male descendant with that surname can take a Y-DNA test and determine if he descends from one of the known family lines, or if he is the first to establish a new line, unrelated to the others.

Genealogy DNA 103 – DNA Markers & DNA Test Results

To understand "markers", let's use a golf course as an analogy. There are 18 holes on a golf course, numbered #1 to #18. We can use the little map on the scorecard to find each hole. Each hole is measured in yards – so hole #1 is 325 yards long; hole #2 is 509 yards, #3 is 287, etc. We could describe the golf course by listing the yardage of each hole: 325-509-287- ... etc. for 18 numbers. You can imagine that it would be very unusual to find two golf courses that had exactly the same combination of 18 numbers. It would be like hitting the lottery. Well genetics isn't exactly like a golf course, but the idea for describing the DNA testing is very similar. Scientists have mapped the Human Genome, and can accurately locate specific places, called "markers", on the DNA. The scientists then developed ways to measure what they found at that location. Usually the measurement is between 5 and 40. So like the golf course, DNA testing provides a series of numbers for each DNA sample. As an example, my DNA test result is:

13-24-13-10-16-18-11-12-11-13-11-31-16-9-9-11-11-25-14-20-34-14-16-16-17

More observations:

6. The result of a Y-DNA test is a string of numbers. The result is not an ancestral chart, or your pedigree, or a list of royals or other famous people from whom you descend. It's just numbers

Genealogy DNA 104 – DNA Matches

The usefulness of DNA Testing comes from comparing the results of two people – they match or they don't. But what exactly is a match? If all 25 numbers in both tests matched, we say it's an exact 25/25 match. In my case there are two other men in the BARTLETT-DNA Project who have exactly the same 25 numbers. There are two other men who only tested 12 markers (a little bit cheaper test), and all 12 match the same 12 markers of my test – so five of us match 12/12. Still two other men have slightly different results:

Me: 13-24-13-10-16-18-11-12-11-13-11-31-16-9-9-11-11-25-14-20-34-14-16-16-17
Man B 13-24-13-10-16-18-11-12-11-13-11-31-16-9-9-11-11-25-14-20-35-14-16-16-17
Man C 13-24-13-10-16-17-11-12-11-13-11-31-16-9-9-11-11-25-14-20-34-14-16-16-17
Each of them has one number different by one from my result – we say it's a 24/25 match.

Using statistical methods, the scientists estimate that out of 25 markers, there is a 50% probability that there will be one change in one marker result between two living descendants of their common ancestor 7 generations back. In other words, if two sixth-cousins took a 25 marker DNA test, half the time they would have a 25/25 match, and half the time they would have a 24/25 match. Actually, there is a very slight possibility that they might have two differences and be a 23/25 match. Beyond this the statistics and probabilities quickly get over my head.

In our BARTLETT-DNA Project we have over 90 participants. Outside of the seven DNA test results outlined above for my line, the next closest DNA test result to mine is off by 23!

Me: 13-24-13-10-16-18-11-12-11-13-11-31-16-9-9-11-11-25-14-20-34-14-16-16-17
Closest: 13-24-14-11-12-14-12-12-13-13-29-17-9-9-11-11-25-15-19-30-14-16-16-17
You can see some numbers are off by one, some by as much as four. He and I don't share a common ancestor for well over 10,000 years. So much for the claim that all BARTLETTs descend from Adam deBARTOLETTE and can claim his Coat of Arms.

Of our 12 distinct BARTLETT lines, one descends from the Mayflower – much as we'd like to, none of the other lines can now make that claim. Another BARTLETT line includes Josiah BARTLETT, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence – it's not my line (or 10 others), thus destroying a persistent story in our family that we actually descended from Josiah himself.

There are tables on the internet which relate the DNA test results of two men and the probability that they share a common ancestor within 4 or 8 or 12 or 16 generations, based on the difference between their test results. But these are probabilities – not certainties. Some try to pinpoint the exact generation where a common ancestor would be. But the DNA Testing Tool is not that precise. Even with DNA tests that look at 37 or 43 or 67 markers, we can't say with certainty who the common ancestor is, or exactly how many generations back he would be.

Still more observations...

7. The DNA tells you the truth. We've proved a BARTLEY line from Culpeper Co, VA actually descends from a BARTLETT line in Richmond Co, VA (it's my line and my cousin, Bob BARTLEY, and I started the BARTLETT-DNA Project to prove, or disprove, our theory)

8. The DNA tells you the truth. We have a few DNA results which don't match who we thought they would match. Using more DNA testing, coupled with

more extensive research, we've now linked two of these men to "non-paternity events" – one descends from a FORD line and one descends from a McDOWELL line – in both cases, we found the probable father living nearby in the early 1800s.

9. A man with a 37/37 exact match to my DNA is from Arkansas, with roots back to Kentucky in 1795 to a Nimrod **BARTLETT**. We've now found Nimrod in the Pendleton District, SC 1790 census. My line goes back to Thomas **BARTLETT** c1705-1783 of Richmond Co, VA – we're hot on the trail of the link from VA to SC – we've found others from Richmond Co, VA who went to SC after the Revolution. We would never have dreamed to look in this direction, or this deeply, except for the 37/37 DNA match! We're still working with traditional genealogy research of extant records, but the new DNA Tool sure helped point us in the right direction.

10. If your Y-DNA string of numbers matches a string of number from a man known to descend from, say, Thomas **JEFFERSON** or Genghis **KHAN**, then you probably descend from that family line.

DNA Genealogy – Back to Basics

So how do you take advantage of this new tool? There are a growing number of companies who help genealogists start Surname Projects and/or provide DNA Testing for individuals:

Family Tree DNA www.familytreedna.com – caters to genealogists

DNA Heritage www.dnaheritage.com – lots of good tutorials

Sorenson Molecular Genealogy Foundation www.smgf.org

The National Geographic Society's Genographic Project

www.genographic.com – for \$99 participate in their Landmark Study of the Human Journey

Genetic Genology www.dnaancestryproject.com

Relative Genetics www.relativegenetics.com

Or just Google "genetic genealogy testing"

The **BARTLETT**-DNA Project has used Family Tree DNA from the start, and I am a big fan of theirs. They made it easy for me to start the project, easy for folks to join, and have answered all of my emails quickly – with very customer focused answers. The founders are genealogists, and they genuinely want to help other genealogists. They'll send a DNA Kit wherever you want and bill you later. When Kits became "lost", they immediately sent replacements, for free, no questions asked. They'll re-run questionable results without hesitation – although they rarely make a mistake. They use the University of Arizona genetics labs for their testing, and they are in collaboration with the National Geographic on the Genographic Project. Check out their website to see if your surname is one of 61,084 surnames included in 3,934 separate

surname projects. I highly recommend their 25-marker test which costs \$150.

Just remember the bottom line: Get a DNA test – if you match someone with your surname, you share an ancestor; if you don't match, you don't share ancestor. It's that simple, and powerfull

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Rosie Sheets Memorial

Rosella **FORINASH SHEETS**, 71, of
Beavercreek, Ohio, passed away Tuesday,
February 20, 2007 at Miami Valley Hospital. She

was born in Buckhannon, WV, on October 8, 1935, the daughter
of Dana and Grace (**ST. CLAIR**) **FORINASH**. She was preceded
in death by her parents, and husband, Mac Arthur **SHEETS** in
2005. She is survived by her children: Patricia (Richard)
GELINEAU, of CT; Doris **THOMPSON** (Bruce **OLSON**) of Idaho,
Judy **SHEETS** of Xenia and David (Merry) **SHEETS**, of Franklin,
OH; grandchildren: Adam, Lauren (Jeff), Karrie, Cadie, McLain,
Nathan, and Matthew; and sister, Janet **REYNOLDS** of TX.
Rosella will be remembered as a good and generous person with
a positive outlook and a friendly smile. Rosie was a Life Member
of HCPD.

WHO WAS BENONI TETER POWERS' FATHER?

by Ann Bleigh POWERS

Benoni Teter POWERS was born in Jane Lew, Lewis Co. VA on 4 July 1815 and died 26 August 1891 on Sand Fork, Lewis Co. WV. He married Elizabeth Watson MCCALLY on 13 September 1836 in Lewis County. She was a daughter of Henry and Sarah Alkire MCCALLY and was born 4 February 1815 in Lewis Co. and died there on 16 April 1887. Both she and her husband are buried in the Marvin Chapel Cemetery near Roanoke, WV. They had twelve children. Amongst them, many who married, also had large families. Now almost 200 years after the birth of Benoni Teter POWERS there are hundreds of his descendants who want to know who his parents were. Included in these descendants is my husband, James Allen POWERS. As his wife, I wanted to know the answer to these questions and I started doing research. I asked Joy Stalnaker, a genealogist specializing in central West Virginia, to help me.

The place where I began was with Benoni Teter POWERS' death certificate at the Lewis County Court House. It states that his parents were "William and Jemima POWERS." There was indeed a Revolutionary War Indian Scout, William Powers, who was living in Jane Lew in 1815 when Benoni was born. He, however, had long been married to Hannah STOUT, had several grown children, and was 48 years old. Since he was already married to Hannah, it was then quite clear that Benoni Teter POWERS was born out of wedlock to William POWERS and to Jemima, whose last name the family always said was TETER. How then, could I prove this relationship to William POWERS?

I turned to Family Tree DNA to solve this problem. My son, James Judson POWERS, sent in his DNA to Family Tree DNA to be analyzed. While this was being done, Joy STALNAKER researched and discovered that Jemima TETER did exist and lived in Jane Lew in this same period, 1815. She found both a marriage bond and a marriage record for her and John BOOHER. The marriage bond from the Harrison

County Court House was taken out on 21 December 1816 and signed by Jacob **STANLEY** and John **BOOHER**. On this marriage bond there is also a note written by Henry **MCWHORTER**, also of Jane Lew, which states, "26 December 1816 this is to sartafy that Jemima **TETAR** that was aprantis to me is of full age and that I am willing for her to marry to John **BUGHER** giving over my hand and seal in the presents of test." And he signed this note with his signature. There is also a marriage record in the Harrison County Marriage Record books showing that the Rev. John **MITCHELL** married Jemima **TETER** and John **BOOKER** on 27 December 1816.

It was discovered that Jemima **TETER** and John **BOOHER** presumably moved to Wirt County, WV where Jemima **BOOHER** later shows up on the 1850 Census at age 62 being married to William **BOOHER**, 58. Also in this census is an eight year old girl, Jemima **BOOHER**, living with her parents, John and Elizabeth **BOOHER**, also in Wirt County.

Some eight weeks later I received from Family Tree DNA the analysis of my son's DNA. The results showed that James Judson **POWERS** was genetic distance one from Chester **MCWHORTER**. Genetic distance one means that every one of the 37 markers of the DNA of the two men matched, except for one that was off by one number. I sent an email to Chester **MCWHORTER** who had since died in Ohio and whose cousin was handling his correspondence and doing research on the **MCWHORTER** family. Chester **MCWHORTER'S** family was originally from Bucks County, PA but they thought that one member of the **MCWHORTER** family had gone to West Virginia. The family conferred on this and after some time said that they thought that the member who had gone to West Virginia was a distant cousin of Chester **MCWHORTER**, Henry **MCWHORTER**. They, however, did not have proof of this relationship but were searching for it.

In the meantime, I wanted to find a direct male descendant of William **POWERS** to prove our relationship to him. Joy **STALNAKER** suggested that I should take the Weston, WV telephone book and call all the **POWERSES** in the book. There turned out to be 38 people with the **POWERS** name who lived in Lewis, Upshur, Gilmer, Harrison, and Randolph counties. I had many interesting conversations over a period of a couple of months with many who were related to my husband and his family and many who were not. But I did not turn up anyone whose family went back to William **POWERS**. Joy **STALNAKER** then turned to

Gloria Powers HUSK, a descendant of Benoni Teter POWERS, who has done research on this family. Gloria knew Earl Arnold POWERS of Parkersburg, WV who was a direct descendant of William POWERS through his son, William D. POWERS, Jr. and his wife, Charity PAXTON. She gave Joy Earl's telephone number and I called him.

Earl POWERS is a generous man who is very interested in, and proud of, his POWERS family roots. He was immediately willing to give his DNA in the interest of finding out more about his family and in helping me to find out more about ours. I ordered a DNA kit for Earl and after about six weeks we got the results from his test. There was absolutely no relationship between Earl Arnold POWERS and my son, James Judson POWERS, although Earl had an exact match with another man on the Powers family FTDNA website. We were fully expecting to find a relationship and were quite shocked by the results. Family Tree DNA provided the comparison of 25 markers of Earl Arnold POWERS' DNA with James Judson POWERS' DNA as follows:

In comparing the 25 markers, the probability that the males who provided the samples shared a common male ancestor in the past is...

4 generations is 0.00%	8 generations is 0.03%	12 generations is 0.38%
16 generations is 1.78%	20 generations is 5.21%	24 generations is 11.29%

When I realized that this meant that there was no relationship between a direct descendant of William POWERS and my son, I looked again at the results of the DNA analysis of my son. There the one relationship that had come up was with Chester MCWHORTER. In addition I knew from Henry MCWHORTER'S note on the marriage bond of Jemima TETER and John BOOHER that Jemima TETER had been his apprentice. At this point I told Joy STALNAKER that there was no DNA match with Earl Arnold POWERS and that I now needed to find a direct male descendant of Henry MCWHORTER who would be willing to help us by taking a DNA test. She knew two male descendants of Henry MCWHORTER, one in Upshur County and one in Monongalia County, WV. She suggested that I call Robert F. MCWHORTER in Morgantown and ask his help and this I did.

Like Earl POWERS, Bob MCWHORTER knew his family history and was very proud of it. He had been to Scotland in search of his roots and had helped his relatives write up their family genealogy. When he heard about our 200 year old search for the parents of Benoni Teter POWERS, he generously offered to help us by sending in his DNA for testing. It took some time, but when it was finally finished, our son tested genetic distance one with Bob MCWHORTER'S DNA as he had with Chester MCWHORTER. Bob MCWHORTER and Chester MCWHORTER had an exact match. The results from Family Tree DNA showed the comparison of 37 markers of Robert F. MCWHORTER and James Judson POWERS as follows:

In comparing the 37 markers, the probability that the males who provided the samples shared a common male ancestor in the past is...

4 generations is 58.99%	8 generations is 89.03%	12 generations is 97.47%
16 generations is 99.46%	20 generations is 99.89%	24 generations is 99.98%

Thus after 200 years the mystery is solved. Although Benoni Teter POWERS was raised by the descendants of William POWERS and used their surname, DNA evidence indicates that he was a MCWHORTER. There are four men who could have been his father. He was the son of either Henry MCWHORTER (1760-1848) or of one of his sons, John (1784-1880), Thomas (1785-1815), or Walter (1787-1860). Who was Benoni Teter POWERS' father finally has an answer. It is not a definitive answer but it is the best that modern science can give us at this time. The search for the parents of his mother, Jemima TETER, continues.

Ramsey Family

As told by Mona BOND, granddaughter of James A. RAMSEY,
and submitted by Carolyn Hinzman RAMSEY

Great Grandmother (*Elizabeth Lilly RAMSEY*) had three sons in the (*Confederate*) army. Uncle Tom got badly injured and they sent him home, but he died before the war was over. Uncle Billy, a younger brother, was a little short man Uncle Billy and Pa (*James RAMSEY*) were in prison (*Point Lookout Prison on the outer tip of St. Marys Co.*), down around Richmond. Someplace down on the James River there was an island at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, and they nearly starved those boys to death. Uncle Billy was small, but he was a big eater. Pa just never was a big eater, but he was a big man. Pa would some way get away from the prison at night and swim across to the main land, it was far enough that it was a right good swim, and steal food and carry it back over his head and swim back to prison with one hand to feed Billy. Because he said, Billy would starve to death. He could not exist on the food they had. That was one of the stories that he told, himself.

Pearlie O. RAMSEY told Carolyn RAMSAY that while Anderson RAMSEY'S sons were fighting for the Confederacy, Anderson was spying for the Union. (email from Carolyn RAMSAY)

Pa had never told me this, but Mama (*Molly Ramsey BOND*) told me one time. I believe it was after Pa was dead. Then after the war, when he went home, they had their country dances just like they had always had. They were having a dance one night, and Pa was there m and these big old bucks, they crashed the dance and they came in and started raking the white girls away from their white partners. And they grabbed the wrong one, Pa's girl. And Pa knew these colored people real well. He knew that they were hard to kill. He knew just where to hit that fellow to knock him out, but he didn't mean to kill him, but he did,. He killed him, and he said that he knew that come daylight the niggers would gang up on their family and his life wouldn't be worth a hoot, or anybody in the family. So he crept out in the middle of the night and got as far as he could into the mountains before daylight. (*They lived near the Natural Bridge in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.*) And then he

worked his way across the mountains, crossing into West Virginia, and how he got clear down into this section I don't know.

Pa, he wouldn't say anything against the Yankees or the colored people. Just like the girl in that picture I showed you, when I started to school in Smithburg with her, she said, "You can't go to school over here." And I said, "I can because I'm old enough." And she said, "You can't go to school. You have no business going to our school. Your grand daddy was an old Rebel." Well of course, Pa was the apple of my eye, and I didn't know what a Rebel was I went home, and I said, "Pa, Audry BURWELL said you was a Rebel. What's a Rebel?" And (Laughing) I will never forget. He was quick to get mad you know, and his eyes kind of snapped, and he said, "Well you just go back to school in the morning and tell Audry BURWELL that you're no Damned Yankee." Then I had to know what a Damned Yankee was. And that's my first knowledge that there was any difference in people, you know. But, what made him so mad was that she had heard that at home. That's what made him mad to think the war was over, and that's what he used to tell us, "Now that the war's over". Pa always said, had Lincoln lived the South wouldn't have had such a hard time. He always said that, when someone said Lincoln was the cause of the war.

As soon as he could get enough money to bring his family over, he got a place to put them. He bought a farm. I don't know how he managed to get enough money.

When he was older Pa saw that some of the neighbor boys needed some guidance. Pa would get a group of them together and play cards with them, (he never played for money) and talk with them and council them. One of them, several years later said to me that Pa had more influence over him than any other person.

I was like this, Uncle Fate and Pa had one sister and unfortunately she had an illegitimate child, and this boy was retarded. He was a big strong fellow. Uncle Fate had this old farm and Uncle Fate didn't have much education. I don't know why he never went to school, but he was a hard worker. And so he stayed at home, and took care of this boy and the boy's mother, after his (Fate's) mother and father died. It was quite a good sized farm. He was a good farmer. He made the thing pay, and they drilled some wells on it, and he was a miser. He just horded his money to beat nobodies business. He really had some money and Uncle Charlie, he sort of looked after Uncle Fate in a way, and then Uncle Fate got feeble. Uncle Charlie, he was always a spoiled

brat. Then they got into a squabble over Uncle Fate's will. And it was proven that Uncle Charlie made his will and him sign it when he was dying.... To make a long story short they broke the will. They (Charlie's family) didn't have him in the house too long. They didn't have to take care of him too long.

Each one of the brothers, there was Uncle Billy, Grandfather James, Uncle Doc (ANDERSON) who were living close then, and they got their share of what was left after the lawyers were paid for, which turned out not to be an huge amount but it was a very comfortable amount. And that sort of brought a feud within the family and Uncle Charlie's children never did quite forgive the rest of the family for breaking the will. Uncle Charlie had been the youngest. And he had not helped accumulate a thing they had, but the older boys had. They were the ones who had responsibility. They had been the ones that had sacrificed to get it. Helping their mother and father to get it. So that's the way it ended.

Pa came home with the lunch box one morning. He worked (*when he was an old man*); he was watching down there at the tunnel, and he was telling this fabulous story. The trains would stop here on the railroad siding. Then the train men would go down and loaf with him at the end of the tunnel where he had his booth of a thing, and he would always walk through the tunnel before certain trains would go through to see that no rock had fallen into the tunnel and none of the rails were broken of any thing. So this morning he came – he stayed there 24 hours a day really, but he also had facilities to sleep and rest between trains. So he came home for breakfast every morning, and we always got up and ate breakfast together. Mama fixed a big breakfast for him, and he always wanted all of us to eat breakfast together, so we always got up to eat breakfast with him. And he said he had a funny story to tell us this morning, and any way he said, "Some of the fellows came in off the –", and he gave the number of the train, it was a freight train. And he said, "As they were going west and when they got down to Silver Run," I think it was the name of the station, "there was heavy woods on each side of the railroad track, because it was section. And the fellows saw this woman, the engineer saw this woman in the middle of the railroad track all dressed in white and – it was in the middle of the night – and it excited him." They had great big head lights on the engine, you know. "So he blew the whistle at her and she didn't get off the track. So he stopped the train and when he stopped the train she vanished just like

that." and the next night when they came back they were telling my grandfather about it. And that very night when they were telling my grandfather about this thing that happened the night before this night when they were going west the very same thing happened, except, "She ran and jumped on the front of the cow-catcher," You know, they had these pointed things and they called them cow-catchers. They knock a cow ... In those days the cattle would get out and they could knock a cow off the railroad tracks and not wreck the train. "and she was right across the cow-catcher. They had also heard the story of the other engineers the night before." And Pa said, "That they just couldn't comprehend it." That was the story that Pa had told, and he wasn't a bit superstitious, and he would have laughed it down, had it not been told by two different men on two different nights. They said that several years before then, this girl had been ready to be married, and this was her wedding gown she had on. She disappeared. I forget what happened to her. People had said that they had seen her, or her ghost, up there in the woods. That was one of the stories he told of the railroad days. *(This story corresponds closely with a more detailed version "The Phantom of Silver Run", published by William B. PRICE in his book, "Tales and Lore of The Mountains".*

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JOY GILCHRIST-STALNAKER HONORED BY LIONS CLUB INTERNATIONAL



The East Lewis Lions Club and Lions Club International recently presented Joy GILCHRIST-STALNAKER with the prestigious Melvin Jones Fellowship, the highest recognition Lions Club International gives for an individual's humanitarian contributions. Joy's humanitarian work includes her leadership in the club's major fundraising efforts to support Campaign Sight First and other projects of the organization.

MAY STRALEY WHITE NAMED A WEST VIRGINIA HISTORY HERO



West Virginia First Lady Gayle **MANCHIN**, May Straley **WHITE**, Dr. Robert S. **CONTE**

Our own May Straley **WHITE** was a winner when history enthusiasts gathered on Thursday, Feb. 22, in the Norman L. **FAGAN** West Virginia State Theater of the Cultural Center for the awards ceremony that kicked off a successful day of celebrating West Virginia history. First Lady Gayle **MANCHIN** was assisted by Dr. Robert S. **CONTE**, chairman, and Dr. Kenneth R. **BAILEY**, vice chairman of the West Virginia Archives and History Commission, in presenting History Hero awards to 52 individuals from around the state for their grassroots-level contributions to the preservation, promotion and perpetuation of the state's rich history. City, county and state historical, preservation and genealogical groups and museums provided nominations for the awards.

May Straley **WHITE** was one of the founding members of the Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants when the organization was formed in 1982. She, along with her late husband Charles, have been extremely active

members of the organization. May has served as Corresponding Secretary for many years. In this position, she has done extensive hours of research for many people. May is an avid researcher and her work has added much information to the collection held by the Central West Virginia Genealogy and History Library. During the past year, May has assumed the task of indexing a large number of materials to be published by HCPD. She has completed five volumes which will assist in preserving this information in a manner which will make researching the material much easier.

HCPD volunteers Audrey **BRENNEMAN** and Irma **CURTIS** accompanied May to Charleston for the presentation. They were joined by our executive director, Betty Ann **NICHOLSON**, her husband Randall, and Maurice and Bertha **ALLMAN**. The **NICHOLSONS** and **ALLMANS** set up and met visitors to a display of our work in the Capitol Rotunda on the same day.

A complete list of this year's recipients, along with a brief explanation of their contributions, is can be found at <http://www.wvculture.org/agency/press/historyday07c.html>

Throughout the day, the State Capitol Rotunda was filled with exhibitors and reenactors all eager to share their enthusiasm for the history of the state. The 11th History Day was a joint effort of the West Virginia Archives and History Commission, Friends of West Virginia Culture and History, Mining Your History Foundation, Preservation Alliance of West Virginia, Inc., West Virginia Humanities Council, West Virginia Association of Museums, West Virginia Historical Association, West Virginia Historical Society and West Virginia Division of Culture and History.

Next year's event is scheduled for Thursday, Feb. 21, 2008.



IN MEMORY OF DARRELL GENE WARNER , HCPD LIFE MEMBER

DARRELL GENE WARNER of Kingwood, Texas, died October 27, 2006. He was born in Jane Lew, West Virginia, on June 13, 1933, the only child of Charles F. and Juanita **WARNER**, deceased. He is survived by his caring, supportive high school sweetheart and loving wife of 52 years, the former Hilda **JONES**, a native of Weston, West Virginia. Darrell and Hilda were married in 1954. He is also survived by daughter Ann **HENRICHSEN** and her husband Craig, son William (Bill) **WARNER** and two granddaughters, Stephanie and Emily **HENRICHSEN**. Burial was at Masonic Cemetery, Weston, West Virginia

Genealogy????

QUERIES

1. Seeking the following (1)Where were Michael FISHER (1785- after 1850) and Ann Butcher FISHER (1785- before 1870) buried and what are the exact dates of death. Michael died either in Lewis or Gilmer County, and Ann supposedly died in the Lewis County Poorhouse. (2) Want burial location of Andrew BLAKE (abt 1794- 4/15/1853), who died in Lewis county (on Clover Fork), and birth and death dates and burial location for his wife Betsey CRISSMORE/CHRISMORE BLAKE. (3) Looking for burial locations of George FISHER (7/1805 - 1845) and his wife Maria/Mariah/Mary HURLEY/HERLEY (abt 1810 - unk), as well as exact death date for Maria and her parents names. We're also looking for the burial location of their son Cornealious/Cornelius FISHER (1/1/1848 - 1/1/1882), who died in Braxton County. (4) Looking for burial location of Mary Simmons SNYDER (1793 - abt 1840), wife of Frederick SNYDER/SNIDER (1789-3/20/1860), who is buried at Harris Cemetery, Hacker Valley, Webster Co, WV. Contact Lora SELLERS at jeffgordonfan24lora@hotmail.com, or mail to 982 Imlertown Rd, Bedford, PA 15522.

2. Lucy B. ARGABRITE, my great Aunt was born in May of 1872 (d/o Wm.Floyd ARGABRITE and Elizabeth WINES, and she d. between 1899 - 1910. Lost her after 1910 census. She m. John Robert DAVIS on 2 Apr 1891. He was the son of William H. DAVIS and Mary Catherine HILL, born 20 Apr 1860 in Kanawha Co, WV. They were in the Big Sandy District, Kanawha Co. in the 1900 census. They owned their house, he was a day laborer and had lost 1 child. John evidently m/2 - unknown and he d. in 1929 with burial in the Aunt Mary OSBORNE Cemetery in Clendinen, Kanawha Co., WV. They were parents of Victoria b.24 Dec 1891; Mabell G.b. 21 Feb 1893; Walter G. b. May 1895 and Glenn E. b. Aug 1899. I would never have found these children if I had been researching just them as their names are so unusual in the ARGABRITE and BUTCHER family. Would appreciate hearing from anyone who might know of this family. Bette Butcher TOPP - toppline@comcast.net 1304 W.Cliffwood Court, Spokane, WA 99218

3. Joseph **BUTCHER** b. 19 Dec 1806, s/o John Anderson **BUTCHER** and Cristena (ALKIRE) **BUTCHER**, m. Eunice **FISHER** 13 Jan 1828. Had marriage bond on 1 Jan 1828 Lewis Co., WV. She d/o George **FISHER** and Barbara Elizabeth "Barby" **BUSH**, b. in Jan 1810. They had the following children: John Webster **BUTCHER**, 1828-1920; Nancy Ann 1833-; Lucinda 1834-1885; Matilda 1834-; Nicholas Fisher **BUTCHER** 1835-1919; Margaret "Peggy" 1839-; Martin VanBuren **BUTCHER** 1841-; Wilson **BUTCHER** 1843-1869; and Joseph **BUTCHER** Jr. 1845-1887. Bette Butcher **TOPP** - toppline@comcast.net
1304 W.Cliffwood Court, Spokane, WA 99218

4. Eunice **STRATTON** b. 11 Nov 1771 Pendleton Co., WV m. Charles **FISHER** before 1789 and she d. 7 Aug 1862 Lewis Co. She was the d/o Seriah **STRATTON** and Catherine ?. I can trace the **STRATTON** family back into early Connecticut. Charles **FISHER** was b. 25 Aug 1770 s/o George **FISHER**, SR and Elizabeth **CONRAD**. They had the following children: George 1790-1861; Phillip 1800-1848; Hannah 1806-; Elizabeth "Betsy" no info; David 1810 - ; and Mary b.ca 1816. Is anyone related to this family? I could use some help. Thank you in advance... Bette Butcher **TOPP** - toppline@comcast.net 1304 W.Cliffwood Court, Spokane, WA 99218

5. **BACORN?** or **BECKHORN?** Is there anyone out there researching either of these lines? If so, are they one and the same? Time period being 1750 to 1850. Hardy County to Braxton County. Given a span of 75+ years and six county-line crossings, could the spelling have changed from **BECKHORN** to **BACORN**? Vivian **HYTOVICK**, 14872 S.W. 111th Street, Dunnellon, FL 34432 VivHy@aol.com

6. I am looking for the mother of James **BRAGG**, b 14-Nov-1839 in Greenbrier Co., VA(WVA) and d 23-Jul-1917 in Webster Co., WV. He was m 1) Emily **FOWLER**, 2) Matilda **BARNETT** and 3) Jemima Ellen **BARNETT**. In his eulogy the minister stated his mother was a **MARTIN** of the Greenbrier **MARTIN** family. Using census data his parents were Rueben and Mary **BRAGG**. I have another record that states she was a **RICHMOND**. I have no document ie. birth, marriage, will, sibling record, etc. that will give me her maiden name with parents names. Reuben and Mary died in Clay Co., WV the 6th and 7th of April, 1886

respectively. No mention made of parents. Vivian HYTOVICK, 14872 S.W. 111th Street, Dunnellon, FL 34432. VivHy@aol.com

7. I am looking for the burial place of Joseph Dozier BRAGG. He is reported to have died in Braxton County in 1903. He was born in VA in 1823. He is the son of Joseph BRAGG and Trepheine POE. He married Mary POE. They had at least 5 children: Frances, Delilah, Stephen Settle (my grandfather), James A., and Robert Lee. Joseph and Trepheine children are: John Newman, Mary, Joseph Dozier, Rebecca, Edward, and Susan. My grandfather Stephen Settle BRAGG and grandmother Josephine SANDY are buried at Lough Cemetery beside Mt. Hebron Church in Braxton County. I have been unable find a record indicating where my great grandparents are buried. Becky KEEFER, bobbecky@1st.net, 56448 Kilgore Rd, Bellaire, OH 43906

8. Is anyone researching a Mary HAMMOND parents Robert and Sarah, who married a John ROWE in 1824? I am being hopeful this Mary might be a sister to my brick-wall Robert HAMMOND (born someplace between 1790 and 1800). Ethel NIELSEN een10@juno.com

9. Simeon KUYKENDALL was born circa 1785 in (W)V according to the 1840 Randolph County census. Who were his parents? Simeon KUYKENDALL was married May 10, 1817 by Asa BROOKS to Prudence GRAHAM (source: Randolph County WV Marriage Bonds). Prudence was the daughter of Mark GRAHAM and Nancy CUNNINGHAM. Simeon and Prudence had at least 8 children including Nancy (1819) who married Addison LAMBERT, Levi (1820) who married Sarah Ann COKENOUR, Jacob (1822) who married unknown to me, Huldah (1825) who married James P. YOKUM, Noah (1825) who married Elenor ???, John (April 4, 1827) who married Rebecca HARVEY, George (May 30, 1829) who married Matilda Louise LEWIS, Catharine (May 2, 1833) who married James ROSS. Simeon KUYKENDALL died before 1847 in Barbour County which, of course, was formed from Randolph, Lewis and Harrison Counties so he may not have moved from Randolph to Barbour. Also in Randolph Marriage Bonds, Catherinia KUYKENDALL married Ezekiel PARSON November 26, 1812. Seems likely that Simeon and Carherinia were related, but how? Contact Dick ROSS at rosscard@nycap.rr.com, 518.477.4066 or 2 Chinquapin Ave, East Greenbush, NY 12061

10. Phebe Ann HOWE was born June 29, 1821 in New York as were her parents. She married Andrew Burns PARSONS on September 5, 1844. He was born September 22, 1816 in what is now Tucker County WV and is the

son of James **PARSONS** and Nancy **RUST**. The children of Phebe Ann **HOWE** and Andrew Burns **PARSONS** (including my great grandmother Jane **PARSONS**, born July 15, 1847, were born on the family plantation at Horse Shoe Run in Tucker County. Who was Phebe Ann **HOWE**? Who were her parents? How did they/she get to (W)V from NY and when? Andrew and Phebe moved to Chualar, California (Monterey County) where she died on July 28, 1881. Please contact Dick **ROSS** at rosscard@nycap.rr.com 518.477.4066 or 2 Chinquapin Ave, East Greenbush, NY 12061

11. In the 1850 Nicholas County census there is one Emily **FOWLER**, age 10, living with her parents, John and Mary **FOWLER**. She is also with them in the 1860 census, but this time they are in Webster County. She was the first wife of James **BRAGG**. They reportedly were married a very short time and she died during childbirth. She and the child died. I cannot find any marriage record for she and James, nor can I find a death record or grave for her. Are there any **FOWLER** researchers out there who may have more information on her? Vivian **HYTOVICK**, 14872 S.W. 111th Street, Dunnellon, FL 34432 VivHy@aol.com

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Wiseman
Ella Virginia Wills
Raymond Wolfe, Jr.
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